

Original Poetical

15

The Perils of False Brethren:

Set forth in the

F A B L E
O F T H E
Boy and Wolf.

*Yea, they are greedy Dogs, which can never
have enough, and they are Shepherds which
cannot understand, they all look to their own
way every one for his gain, Isa. 56 v. 11.*

*Sure 'tis an orthodox Opinion
That Grace is founded on Dominion,
Great Piety consists in Pride,
To rule is to be Sanctified;
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect Discipline,
Of Church Rule and by Right Divine.*

Hudibras Part. 1. Canto. 3.

L O N D O N, Printed in the Year, 1710.

To the READER,

I am far from thinking (as most Writers do) that the Reader will expect any Reason why I wrote the following Trifles, however I am resolved to give him one, and scorn to forge it; and because 'tis possible, he may think I aim at pleasing a Party, whereas I am really of none, he may therefore be pleased to know that I am Curate to a worthy Divine, who tho' his Church Preferments bring him in a great Yearly Revenue, is nevertheless content that I should do his Drudgery for 20 l. a Year, which as thou knowest (Courteous Reader) if thou knowest any thing, will scarce keep my Body from starving, much less raise it to the true Orthodox Standard: In plain English I wrote to turn a Penny, which I had rather have done in a Way more suitable to my Profession, I mean by Sermonizing, and I don't care if I confess (since I am in a confessing Humour) that I made my Proposals to my Bookseller accordingly, but the Answer he made me was, "Alas! Sir, these will never sell, here's not a Word against the Dissenters, the Discourses indeed are prettily penned, but how came Meekness and Charity into your Sermons? But (continued he) Mr. ——— you are a young Man, don't you think you could throw out a little Poetry? Nay, nay, never shrug, let it but be against some Party, and I'll take it, tho' it should not prove true Sterling: This comfortable Conclusion, and my own Necessities set me to work, and here you have the Product, which had indeed a better Reception than the former, I mean with the Bookseller, for as to what Judgment thou passest upon it, I care not, my End is answered; however, that we may part Friends, I here tell thee truly, (for now my Heart is open, I can hide nothing from you) I have laid up something beside a Gross of Pipes, to a Share of which thou shalt be heartily welcome, provided you come and see me within a Week.

The Boy and Wolf.

IN Days of Yore as *Æsop* tells,
 An honest Farmer liv'd,
 Whose Industry was bless'd with Gain,
 And much 'tis said he thriv'd;
 Fat Kine were lowing in his Yard,
 His Barns were stor'd with Grain,
 But from a numerous Flock of Sheep,
 He drew his greatest Gain:
 They gave Provisions to his Board,
 And Rayment for him made,
 And to the Hinds their Fleecy Coats
 A Yearly Tax they paid.
 His Care of these was therefore great,
 Or he had been to blame,
 For sure such profitable Slaves
 At least Protection claim;
 He knew 'em timorous and weak,
 A most defenceless Herd,
 And therefore hir'd a neighbouring Lad
 To be their constant Guard.
Harry, says he, will you engage
 To oversee my Flocks,
 Secure 'em from their Enemies
 The Wolf and subtile Fox?
 If thou'lt a faithful Shepherd be,
 And use an honest Care,
 Thou shalt not unrewarded be,
 But in the Profits share.
 Can you this weighty Work perform,
 Pursu'd the honest Man;

The Hireling with an awkward Bow,
 Replies, I trust I can.
 Then hasten to the Fold says he,
 Here, take this Pipe and go.
 But how did he this Trust discharge?
 Read on and you shall know.
 The Yonker lik'd the Business well,
 The Labour was not great,
 And he could easily forego
 His Work, so he might eat ;
 Besides, he soon began to treat
 His Equals with Disdain,
 The Name of Shepherd pleas'd forsooth,
 And made the Lad full vain :
 The Title pleas'd, but in his Flock
 He no Delight could take,
 He was their Shepherd for his own,
 Not for his Master's Sake.
 The Raskal never tun'd his Voice
 To Melody or Song,
 Nor with his Pipe, as Shepherds wont,
 Refresh'd the bleating Throng ;
 But with Pretence of keeping Watch,
 Was noisy still and loud,
 Which only serv'd to fright the Herd
 And drive 'em from their Food.
 One Day the first, down to the House
 With Headlong Hast he run,
 Oh ! Master to the Fold, says he,
 Or we are all undone :
 I saw a meager hungry Wolf
 Down to the Sheepfolds run,
 Oh hasten, for I fear 'ere this
 The Slaughter is begun.

The Farmer needs no second Call,
 So pressing was his Fear,
 But when half dead he reach'd the Place,
 The Deuce a Wolf was there.
 Contented to be so deceiv'd,
 Back he returns with Joy,
 Concludes the Wolf was someway scar'd,
 And ne'er mistrusts the Boy.
 He (whether 'twere to make himself
 Appear to be of Use,
 Or out of arrant Roguery
 His Master to abuse,
 Or was it from his Love of Lies,
 For much the Rogue would lye,
 Or from some other Cause as bad)
 Still made the Wolf his Cry :
 'Till after many vain Alarms
 And still no Mischief done,
 The Story of the Wolf was found
 To be a meer Fiction.
 Harry was sent for and chastiz'd ;
 Yet still he tends the Herd,
 But fully was the Man resolv'd
 Ne're more to take his Word.
 Soon after came the Wolf indeed
 And dreadful Havock made,
 Nor fail'd the Boy to raise his Voice
 And call aloud for Aid.
 No Aid appears, 'till now too late,
 The Wolf is fled and gone,
 The Farmer comes, is worse deceiv'd,
 And finds himself undone.

Moral.

Could Priests, whose daily Cant it is
 With loud and factious Cry,
 To preach the Danger of the Church,
 Which they believe a Lye;
 Could they, I say, with all their Noise,
 Excite the Nations Care,
 Or make us more upon our Guard
 Then some Pretence there were;
 But if the Wolf with false Alarms
 They too familiar make,
 The Forgery too gross will be
 And will no longer take.
 Then (which perhaps is what they wish)
 Relief in Time may fail,
 And too secure the Church may prove
 The Moral of this Tale.

The

The Flea and Countryman.

IT chanc'd that a Flea a Bloodsucking Wretch,
Had fix'd himself on a Countrymans Br—ch;
With his Legs and his Snout he so tickl'd the Place,
That he soon made the Countryman feel where he

(was,
He felt him sometime, 'till at length being vex'd,
And finding the troublesome Insect was fix'd,
He made bare his blind Cheeks and he spit on his
Thumb

And clapping it quick to the Place on his Bum ;
Have I caught you, says he, with your Life you

But prithee Sir Blackcoat what have you to say?
What I've done quoth the Flea is done every Day.

"Bloodsucking have ever been nat'ral to Fleas,

Besides in the Action we tickle and please.

Peace, no more, quoth the Man, this will do you no good.

An ill Custom can give you no Right to my Blood,
But you tickle forsooth, that Excuse will ne're pass

Why you impudent Wretch is your Face made of
Brass?

Don't you see what a Pimple you've rais'd in my

How're that the Hurt is but little I'll grant,
But it is not the Will, but the Power you want.

Moral.

Had the Argument here in the Fable been right,
The Dr. had been in a pitiful Plight;
For tho' his Friends plead (and his Foes can't deny't)
That alas he's but weak, tho' he's Brimfull of Spight,
Tho' his Venom, as we by Experience can tell,
Is enough, and no more than to make the Mob swell,
Yet he, had he saln to our Countrymans Power,
Had been crush'd like the troublesome Insect before;

*And that with good Reason, since still the Intent
Ought to govern our Judgments, and not the Event :
And for those who these troublesome Wretches maintain,
May they always be plagu'd with such Vermin. Amen.*

FINIS.

Advertisement.

WHereas in a late Pamphlet intituled, " Predictions for the Year 1710. there are these Words, " (And I do likewise foresee that before the End of " this Year, there will be Born within this City and " the Suburbs thereof great Numbers of Children " in Face very much Resembling the Reverend Dr. " S———, which must be Esteemed a Miracle in fa- " vor of the said Dr. &c.) these are therefore to " Certifie, that there is in the Press and will speedi- " ly be Published a Discourse, by way of Comment " upon these Words, wherein the Author proves, " that tho' this Prediction should (and undoubtedly " it will) prove true, yet we need not have re- " course to a supernatural Power, since the Strength of Imagination, with the Help of those Pictures of the Dr. which he in his daily Visits draws from under his Gown, may be sufficient to produce this Effect : If therefore Mrs. — should be brought to Bed of a Child thus stampt, her Husband is hereby desired to attribute the Cause thereof, to the Picture which hangs at his Bed's Feet : And these are further to certifie, that for the Improvement of the Breed of this Nation, the said Dr. is ready to shew to all Comers, at his House in ——— and he will attend on Persons of Quality at their own Houses, from Noon 'till Midnight if desired.

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